

Hamlet's soliloquy on being...

To be, or not to be, that is the question—
Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The Heart-ache, and the thousand Natural shocks
That Flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to Dream; Aye, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of time,
The Oppressor's wrong, the *proud* man's Contumely,
The pangs of *despised* Love, the Law's delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose bourn
No Traveler returns, Puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hue of Resolution
Is sicklied o'er, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprises of great *pitch* and moment,
With this regard their Currents turn *awry*,
And lose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia. Nymph, in all thy Orisons
Be thou all my sins remembered.

sourced at http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/To_be,_or_not_to_be#cite_ref-4

Bad Quarto (1603)

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
 To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
 No, to sleepe, to dreame, I many there it goes,
 For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
 And borne before an executing Iudge,
 From whence no passenger euer return'd,
 The vndiscovered country, at whole fight
 The happy smile, and the accursed damnd.
 But for this, the boyfull hope of this,
 Whold beare the frownes and flattery of the world,
 Scorned by the right rich, the rich curst of the poore?
 The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
 The raffe of hunger, or a tyrants raigne,
 And thousand more calamities besides,
 To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
 When that he may his full *Quartern* make,
 With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
 But for a hope of something after death?
 Which pulls the braine, and doth confound the sense
 Which makes vs rather beare those euils we haue,
 Than flie to others that we know not of.
 I ha, O this conscience makes cowards of vs all,
 Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembered.

Good Quarto (1604-1605)

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
 Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
 The Slinges and arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
 No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
 The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
 That flesh is heire to; tis a consummation
 Decoutly to be wish'd to die to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
 When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coyle
 Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
 That makes calamitie of so long life:
 For who would beare the whips and frownes of time,
 Th oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
 The pang of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
 The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
 That patient merit of th'vnworthy takes,
 When he himselfe might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would these Fardels beare,
 To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The vndiscover'd country, from whose borne
 No traueller returnes, puzzles the will,
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
 Than flie to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience does make cowards,
 And thus the native hiew of resolution
 Is fickle'd ore with the pale caft of thought,
 And enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard their currants turne away,
 And looke the name of action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
 Be all my finnes remembered.

First Folio (1623)

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
 The Slinges and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall Shocks
 That Flesh is heere too? 'Tis a consummation
 Decoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
 When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
 Must giue vs pause. There's the respect
 That makes Calamity of so long life:
 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
 The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
 The pang of despiz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
 The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
 That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
 When he himselfe might his *Quartern* make
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardels beare
 To grunt and sweat vnder a weari life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The vndiscover'd Countrey, from whose Borne
 No Traueller returnes, Puzzels the will,
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
 Than flie to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
 And thus the Native hew of Resolution
 Is fickle'd o're, with the pale caft of Thought,
 And enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard their Currants turne away,
 And looke the name of Action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia* / Nimph, in thy Orizons
 Be all my finnes remembered.